THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script

Prog Ident No: LDLF 231A

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6P

RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS

by

Eric Saward

EPISODE ONE

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Director	MATTHEW ROBINSON
Designer	
Script Editor	ERIC SAWARD
Production Associate	JUNE COLLINS
Production Manager	CORINNE HOLLINGWORTH
A.F.M.	SALLY IVERS
Production Assistant	JOY SINCLAIR
Costume Designer	
Make-Up Artist	
Visual Effects Designer	PETER WRAGG
TM1	
Sound Supervisor	
Video Effects	
Music by	MALCOLM CLARKE
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

FILM REHEARSAL:

FILMING:

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL:

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING:

TRANSMISSION: 4th in TX order (Date tbc)

"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6P - EPISODE 1:

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
TEGAN
TURLOUGH
STIEN
LYTTON
GALLOWAY
FIRST TROOPER
OSBORN
MERCER
STYLES
SUPREME DALEK
FIRST DALEK
FIRST CREWMAN
PROFESSOR LAIRD
COLONEL ARCHER
SERGEANT CALDER
DAVROS

N/S:

TWO POLICEMEN
TWO SOLDIERS
TROOPERS
CREWMEMBERS
DALEKS
ELDERLY MAN
ESCAPEES

* * * * *

SETS:

Space Station Composite:
Bridge
Corridor/airlock
Laboratory
Davros' Prison

Warehouse: Time Corridor Level
Alien Artifact Level

Space Ship Composite:
Corridor/airlock
Reception Area
Bridge

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6P - EPISODE 1:

TELECINE:

Wapping High Street

Wapping Pierhead

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6P

by

Eric Saward

EPISODE ONE

TELECINE 1:

a) Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

The year is 1984. It is a dull, cheerless morning.

The Victorian warehouses loom large, bleak and forboding.

Drab and shabby, like the street itself. An ELDERLY MAN shuffles into view.

As the MAN passes the entrance to one of the warehouses, its main door is thrown open and we see a terrified man standing in its opening.

This is GALLOWAY. He is a tall, lean man in his middle thirties with short, cropped hair. He is wearing a skin-tight cat suit, which is somewhat the worse for wear. On his sleeves and shoulders are insignias of some sort. His face is unshaven displaying several days of growth.

GALLOWAY is from the year 2059. In his own time he is a security officer at a military establishment.

As GALLOWAY stands in the door way looking up and down the street he is joined by STIEN.

STIEN is also in his thirties, round and rather overweight. He wears the tattered uniform of a futuristic soldier. His hair is longer than Galloways. Under more agreeable circumstances STIEN would appear cuddly and friendly.

STIEN: (OUT OF BREATH) Which way?

GALLOWAY: Does it matter?

They run off in the direction of the shabby, old man who is watching, agog.

STIEN and GALLOWAY have no sooner left the warehouse, then SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE appear at the door, their appearance equally as unkempt, their manner painfully desperate.

The PEOPLE are dressed in various costumes, some futuristic, others 20th Century military. All their clothing is the worst for wear.

The PEOPLE look frantically up and down the street, decide which way they want to run and make off in their various directions.

They, too, have no sooner gone then LYTTON appears in the doorway.

LYTTON is in his early thirties, a fit, mean-looking man, every inch the professional, combat trained soldier we later learn he is.

He is dressed in the uniform of 1984 Police Inspector.

Behind LYTTON are TWO MORE POLICEMEN dressed as uniformed constables.

LYTTON and the OTHER POLICEMEN steps into the street.

As they do, they withdraw from behind their backs contemporay machine pistols, fitted with silencers.

Note: The transition from friendly London bobbies, chasing villains to armed assassins, should be as strong as possible. The scene should also be as fast as possible.

LYTTON signals and the TWO POLICEMEN open fire, the unarmed PEOPLE being gunned down as they run.

The ELDERLY MAN, we saw at the beginning of the scene, is also killed.

b) Ext. A Side Street. Day.

Terrified, GALLOWAY and STIEN crouch in the doorway of a warehouse, the muted gun fire loud and exaggerated in their ears.

c) Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

The last fleeing person is shot. He collapses, sprawling on the ground.

LYTTON removes a small box from inside his jacket.

The ARMED POLICEMEN, relaxed and unconcerned, by their atrocity, hand their machine pistols to LYTTON.

LYTTON operates switches on the box and both he and the massacred victims slowly fade from view, leaving the street empty but for the TWO UNIFORMED CONSTABLES.

The TWO POLICEMEN turn in the opposite direction to the one taken by STIEN and GALLOWAY and walk off as though on their beat.

d) Ext. Side Street. Day.

GALLOWAY slips from the doorway and makes his way into Wapping High Street, cautiously advancing, using parked cars as cover.

STIEN watches Galloway's progress, his expression seeming to will him to proceed carefully.

From GALLOWAY'S POV we see that Wapping High Street is bleak and empty. The POLICEMEN have gone.

GALLOWAY stands up, beckoning STIEN to join him.

Apprehensively
STIEN obeys.

STIEN is confused.

STIEN: Where've they gone?

GALLOWAY: (SNAPS) Where do you think? Come on!

1. SPACE (MODEL).

(A HUGE BATTLE CRUISER MOVES THROUGH SPACE.

IT IS STREAMLINED, HIGHLY FUNCTIONAL AND BUILT FOR WAR.

LIKE SO MANY WAR MACHINES, IT HAS A CERTAIN GRACE, BEAUTY AND STYLE, WHICH, IN AN ODD WAY, ADDS TO ITS MENACE)

2. INT. SPACE SHIP. RECEPTION AREA.

(LYTTON SLOTS THE MACHINE PISTOLS INTO A RACK, HE THEN REMOVES HIS POLICEMAN'S JACKET.

BEHIND HIM, THE SLAUGHTERED BODIES ARE BEING CARRIED FROM THE ENTRANCE OF THE TIME CORRIDOR BY LYTTON'S TROOPERS.

THE TROOPERS ARE DRESSED IN A VERY FUNCTIONAL FUTURISTIC SOLDIERS UNIFORM - POSSIBLY BLACK. BUT QUITE DIFFERENT FROM STIEN'S. THEY ARE ARMED WITH LASER RIFLES.

THE YEAR IS 4590 AD.

WE LEARN LATER THAT THIS IS A DALEK BATTLE CRUISER.

THERE IS NOTHING FUSSY OR EXTRAVAGANT ABOUT THE SHIP IN ANY WAY AT ALL. IT IS VERY MUCH A WAR SHIP BUILT ON DALEK, SPARTAN LINES.

THE CEILINGS OF THE CORRIDORS AND ROOMS ARE LOW, WITH BARELY ENOUGH ROOM FOR A MAN TO STAND UPRIGHT.

THE SHIP WAS DESIGNED FOR DALEKS, NOT HUMAN BEINGS.

LYTTON FLINGS HIS POLICEMAN'S JACKET ONTO THE FLOOR. HE IS IN A FURIOUS MOOD)

LYTTON: That was a shambles!

(FIRST TROOPER, WHO HAS BEEN STANDING ALONG SIDE LYTTON, HANDS HIM HIS TUNIC JACKET)

FIRST TROOPER: The escape was prevented.

(THIS LYTTON SNATCHES AND STARTS TO SLIP IT ON.

WITH FIRST TROOPER IN TOW, LYTTON EXITS FROM THE RECEPTION AREA.

(Note: On Time Corridor. This is simply a form of transport that allows the traveller to move through both time and space from one point to another.

At the moment it connects the Dalek ship in the year 4590 AD to Wapping High Street in the year 1984))

3. INT. SPACE SHIP. CORRIDOR.

(LYTTON WALKS ALONG
THE CORRIDOR, FASTENING
HIS TUNIC JACKET.

FIRST TROOPER, A
NERVOUS HALF-STEP
BEHIND HIM)

LYTTON: They got out of the warehouse. It should never have happened. And who ordered the use of machine pistols?

FIRST TROOPER: Standing orders. Nothing anachronistic is to be taken to Earth.

LYTTON: So instead we slaughter valuable specimens. Next time stun lasers are to be used.

FIRST TROOPER: (COWED) It was an unfortunate mistake.

(LYTTON STOPS AND
TURNS ON THE
FIRST TROOPER)

LYTTON: Make it your last... Otherwise the next execution squad will be coming for you.

(LYTTON WALKS OFF.
THE FIRST TROOPER
GLARING AFTER
HIM)

4. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE STRUGGLING, AT THE CONSOLE IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO REGAIN CONTROL OF THE TARDIS.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A NASTY JOLT AND TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE SENT HURTLING ACROSS THE ROOM, TURLOUGH CRASHING INTO THE WALL.

THE DOCTOR IS ABLE TO CLING ONTO THE CONSOLE AND CONTINUES TO MANIPULATE THE CONTROLS.

THE TARDIS STABILISES A LITTLE.

TEGAN SCRAMBLES ACROSS THE FLOOR TO THE PARTIALLY STUNNED TURLOUGH)

THE DOCTOR: I can't free the Tardis from the Time Corridor.

(SUDDENLY THE TARDIS LURCHES AGAIN)

TEGAN: Isn't there anything you can do?

THE DOCTOR: There's too much turbulence. Hang on. Things must stabilise soon.

(THE TARDIS LURCHES AGAIN AND THIS TIME THE DOCTOR IS FLUNG ACROSS THE ROOM)

5. INT. WAREHOUSE. STAIRWAY. DARK.

(STIEN AND GALLOWAY SLOWLY CLIMB THE STEPS.

STIEN PAUSES)

STIEN: What if they're still in there - waiting?

GALLOWAY: We must warn our own people.

STIEN: (TERRIFIED) Use the Time Corridor?

GALLOWAY: You said you were a soldier. Have you no sense of loyality?

STIEN: I'm a quartermaster sergeant. I'm not combat trained. I can't afford your sort of principles. (INDICATING HIMSELF) Look at me! I'm fat! I can't even run properly.

GALLOWAY: You're pathetic.

(GALLOWAY CONTINUES TO CLIMB THE STEPS)

STIEN: (MUTTERS SADLY) That, too.

6. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THINGS HAVE SETTLED DOWN A LITTLE.

THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE BACK AT THE CONSOLE, ALTHOUGH THE TARDIS IS STILL SUBJECT TO THE ODD BUFFET.

TURLOUGH LOOKING AT A DIAL ON THE CONSOLE)

TURLOUGH: Doctor, we're weaving in time.

THE DOCTOR: I know.

(THE DOCTOR DUCKS DOWN UNDER THE CONSOLE AND WRENCHES A PANEL FROM THE PEDESTAL.

TEGAN IS FEELING A LITTLE SICK FROM THE BUFFETING)

TEGAN: Can't we materialise?

TURLOUGH: Not until we're free of the Time Corridor. We'll risk breaking up.

TEGAN: (TO THE DOCTOR) Is that true?

THE DOCTOR: Not if I have anything to do with it.

(THE TARDIS GIVES A MASSIVE LURCH AND TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE AGAIN THROWN ACROSS THE ROOM.

SUDDENLY THE CLOISTER BELL STARTS TO RING WITH ALL THE OMINOUS MENACE ITS MESSAGE ENTAILS)

TEGAN: Oh, no!

7. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(THE WAREHOUSE INTERIOR IS VICTORIAN: LOW CEILING AND CAST IRON PILLARS TO SUPPORT THE FLOOR ABOVE.

ALONG ONE WALL ARE THE HEAVY WOODEN ACCESS DOORS SLIGHTLY AJAR, THE THICK HOARSOR OF THE WAREHOUSE CRANE JUST VISIBLE THROUGH THE GAP.

EITHER SIDE OF THE ACCESS DOORS IS A SMALL, DIRTY WINDOW.

THE LIGHT OUTSIDE POUNDS ON THE GRIMEY GLASS IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO GET IN.

THE WAREHOUSE HAS LONG CEASED TO BE USED FOR THE FUNCTION IT WAS BUILT.

SCATTERED AROUND THE FLOOR ARE PILES OF RUBBISH, BOXES, RUBBLE, DEBRIS OF ALL SORTS.

CERTAINLY SUFFICIENT BITS AND PIECES TO OFFER SUITABLE COVER FOR THE EVENTS THAT OCCUR LATER.

ALL IS QUIET, ALTHOUGH THE ATMOSPHERE IS VERY EERIE.

STIEN AND GALLOWAY ENTER THE MAIN BODY OF THE ROOM)

GALLOWAY: They've gone.

(NEARBY ARE TWO TEA CHESTS ABOUT SIX FEET APART.

ALTHOUGH THEY LOOK INNOCENT IN THEMSELVES, THEY DO, AS WE SEE LATER, MARK THE ENTRANCE TO THE TIME CORRIDOR)

STIEN: They could have closed the Time Corridor down ... Let's get out of here ... I'm scared.

(GALLOWAY IGNORES STIEN AND POINTS IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE TEA CHESTS)

GALLOWAY: The entrance to the corridor is around here.

(GALLOWAY WALKS TOWARDS THE TEA CHESTS.

STIEN LOOKS AT THE TEA CHEST AREA)

STIEN: There's nothing there now.

(GALLOWAY PAUSES A FOOT OR TWO FROM THE TEA CHESTS.

IN THE DISTANCE THERE IS A SLIGHT NOISE, AS THOUGH A BOOT HAS BEEN SCUFFED ALONG THE FLOOR)

What was that?

(GALLOWAY, TENSE, READY FOR ACTION, LISTENS FOR A MOMENT.

SILENCE)

GALLOWAY: A rodent.

(GALLOWAY PICKS UP A PIECE OF GASH WOOD)

STIEN: Wearing combat boots?

(THERE IS A MUCH LOUDER NOISE - A BOX HAS BEEN KNOCKED OVER)

GALLOWAY: Back to the stairs - quickly!

(STIEN OBEYS, COVERING THE DISTANCE IN DOUBLE QUICK TIME.

GALLOWAY'S EYES DART ABOUT THE AREA AS HE BACKS TOWARDS THE STAIRS, HOLDING THE PIECE OF WOOD IN FRONT OF HIM LIKE A CLUB.

STIEN PAUSES AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS)

STIEN: Can you see anything?

GALLOWAY: Get out of here!

(STIEN STARTS TO DESCEND THE STAIRS.

AS HE DOES A FIGURE STEPS FROM BEHIND A PILE OF RUBBISH AT THE FAR END OF THE AREA)

8. INT. STAIRCASE IN WAREHOUSE. DARK.

(STIEN'S UNGAINLY SHAPE STUMBLES DOWN THE STEPS.

SUDDENLY WE HEAR THE DULL THUD OF A MACHINE PISTOL BEING FIRED.

IT SOUNDS AS DREADFUL AS IT DID IN THE STREET EARLIER.

STIEN PAUSES, HIGHLY AGITATED BY WHAT HE'S HEARD)

STIEN: (TENTIVELY) Galloway ...? Galloway ...?

(THERE IS A PAUSE AS THE REALISATION OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED SINKS IN.

STIEN, BESIDE HIMSELF, ROARS)

Galloway!

9. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR. LEVEL. DARK.

(SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR IS THE DEAD SHAPE OF GALLOWAY.

AT THE FAR END OF THE WAREHOUSE AREA, STANDS, IN SILHOUETTE, ONE OF LYTTON'S TROOPERS, A MACHINE PISTOL IN HAND)

10. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(GENTLE BUFFETING OF THE TARDIS.

THE CLOISTER BELL STILL CHIMES ITS NOTE OF DOOM.

TEGAN AND TURLOUGH STAND TOGETHER LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOCTOR, WHO IS STUDYING A DIAL WITH CONCENTRATED INTEREST.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS VERY TENSE)

TEGAN: What are we waiting for?

THE DOCTOR: The right moment.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS UP AND SEES TEGAN'S DISTRESSED STATE)

The time stress on the Tardis varies greatly. I'm waiting for the right moment to break out of the Time Corridor.

TEGAN: Could I go to my room? I feel sick.

THE DOCTOR: Too late, Tegan! Hold on. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES A SWITCH AND THE NOISE FROM THE TARDIS ENGINES IS DEAFENING.

SUDDENLY THE FLOOR OF THE TARDIS IS AT FORTY-FIVE DEGREES, THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH CLINGING TO THE CONSOLE.

TEGAN IS THROWN ACROSS THE ROOM AND INTO THE CONSOLE.

THE SCENE DISTORTS AS THOUGH FROM A MASSIVE "G" FORCE)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (DISTORTED VOICE) Hold on.

11. INT. SPACE SHIP. BRIDGE.

(THE BRIDGE IS VERY MUCH LIKE THAT OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY BOMBER - A TIGHT, CONFINED AREA, EVERY INCH OF THE WALLS PACKED WITH INSTRUMENTS, CABLES, CONTROL BOXES OF ALL SORTS.

IN FACT, THE ONLY CLEAR SPACE ON THE WALL IS THAT OF A LARGE MONITOR.

THERE ARE NO SEATS - AS THIS IS A DALEK SHIP - AND THE LIGHTING IS DIM.

AS WITH EVERYTHING ABOUT THE SHIP, THERE IS NOTHING FUSSY - EVERYTHING IS FUNCTIONAL.

THE FLOOR SPACE IS SMALL, ALLOWING FOR ONLY THREE DALEKS.

AS WITH THE INSTRUMENTATION, NOTHING SEEMS TO BE DESIGNED FOR USE BY HANDS, BUT THE SUCKER DEVICE OF A DALEK.

TWO TROOPERS HAVE JUST FINISHED THEIR CHECK LISTS.

FIRST TROOPER CROSSES TO LYTTON.

LYTTON IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MONITOR, ON WHICH WE SEE A STAR FIELD)

FIRST TROOPER: Check lists completed. All systems functioning.

(THE TWO TROOPERS ABANDON THEIR CLIP-BOARDS AND TAKE UP POSITIONS AT CONSOLES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE ROOM)

LYTTON: Raise the force shield.

(A TROOPER OPERATES A DISC ON A CONSOLE)

All troopers to battle stations.

(A TROOPER OPERATES A DISC AND LOUD PIERCING KLAXON SOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE SHIP.

LYTTON OPERATES A SWITCH AND THE LIGHTING ON THE BRIDGE GOES TO AN EERIE RED)

Battle speed!

12. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(AS BEFORE.

THE IMAGE OF THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH IS STILL DISTORTED.

THE DOCTOR IS STILL STRUGGLING WITH THE CONSOLE.

THE ROAR OF THE TARDIS ENGINES IS STILL DEAFENING)

TEGAN: (DISTORTED VOICE) Doctor ... I can't stand much more.

(THE DOCTOR PRESSES ONE MORE BUTTON AND THERE IS A SUDDEN JOLT AND THE TARDIS IS FREE OF THE TIME CORRIDOR.

TEGAN AND TURLOUGH COLLAPSE, THE DISTORTION GONE)

THE DOCTOR: We're free.

(BUT TEGAN AND TURLOUGH AREN'T MUCH INTERESTED.

THE DOCTOR FIDDLES WITH MORE SWITCHES AND THE NOISE OF THE ENGINES SUBSIDES)

TURLOUGH: Is it over?

THE DOCTOR: For the moment. Are you all right?

(TEGAN AND TURLOUGH SIT UP)

TEGAN: I think so.

13. SPACE. (MODEL SHOT)

(IN DEEP SPACE
HANGS A SPACE
STATION.

IT IS SMALL
AND COMPACT.

THE STATION'S
FUNCTION'S IS
THAT OF A
PRISON.

IT IS AN
OPPRESSIVE
PLACE, WITH MUCH
THE SAME AIR OF
GLOOM PERVADED
BY SOME OF OUR
OWN VICTORIAN
PRISONS.

WHETHER PRISONER
OR WARDER, IT
ISN'T A FUN
PLACE TO BE)

14. INT. SPACE STATION CORRIDOR.

(THE YEAR
IS 4590 AD.

THERE IS A
FEELING OF
NEGLECT ABOUT
THE INTERIOR
OF THE SPACE
STATION, AS
THOUGH - IT'S
CREW HAVE
GIVEN UP
CARING.

CORRIDORS ARE
LITTERED WITH
THINGS THAT
BELONG IN
STORE ROOMS.

LIGHTS ARE IN
NEED OF REPAIR.

AUTOMATIC DOORS
ARE UNRELIABLE.

INSPECTION PANELS
HAVE BEEN REMOVED
AND NOT REPLACED.

CABLES THAT HAD
ONCE BEEN NEATLY
RACKED HANG AND
DROOP FROM THEIR
SUPPORTS.

STYLES AND MERCER
ENTER THE CORRIDOR,
WALKING BRISKLY.

STYLES IS A DOCTOR
OF MEDICINE, A
COMPETENT, CAPABLE
WOMAN IN HER
EARLY FORTIES, WITH
A VERY SHARP TONGUE.

MERCER IS HEAD
OF SECURITY.

HE IS NEW TO
THE STATION
AND HAS YET TO
BE CRUSHED BY
THE GENERAL
APATHY.

HE IS IN HIS
LATE TWENTIES,
A KEEN,
INTELLIGENT MAN
WHO ON OCCASIONS,
IS INCLINED TO
BECOME A LITTLE
PRIGGISH AND
POMPOUS.

ALL MEMBERS OF
THE SPACE STATION
CREW WEAR TAILORED
BOILER SUITS.

RANK IS
DISTINGUISHED
BY COLOUR AND
A MINIMUM AMOUNT
OF GOLD BRAID.

E.G. OFFICERS
WEAR BLUE,
CREW MEMBERS
GREY, MEDICAL
STAFF WHITE ETC.

THE DUO MAKE
THEIR WAY TOWARDS
THE LABORATORY,
MERCER LOOKING
AROUND AT THE
LITTER)

MERCER: I don't believe it. How long has the station been in this state?

STYLES: (COOLY) Since regular inspection ceased.

MERCER: The place is falling to pieces.

(THEY STOP AT
THE DOOR TO
STYLE'S LABORATORY)

STYLES: And you're seeing it on a good day ... if you wanted to see everything spick 'n' span, you should have asked for a transfer to a prison.

(STYLES OPERATES
THE DOOR OPENING
MECHANISM AND
THEY PASS INTO)

15. INT. SPACE STATION. LABORATORY.

(THE LABORATORY IS LARGE AND SPACIOUS, FULL OF COMPLICATED GLASSWARE AND INSTRUMENTS.

IN MARKED CONTRAST TO THE CORRIDOR THE ROOM IS NEAT AND TIDY.

ON THE WALL IS A LARGE MONITOR.

ON A BENCH IS A LARGE GAS TIGHT CABINET WITH ACCESS VIA GLOVED HAND HOLES.

THE MONITOR AND GAS CABINET ARE THE ONLY TWO THINGS THAT WILL FEATURE IN THE STORY.

STYLES CROSSES TO HER WORKBENCH AND SITS DOWN)

MERCER: How do you cope with the mess.

STYLES: By ignoring it. My only concern on this station is the medical welfare of the crew and prisoner.

MERCER: (STIFFLY) That's rather a narrow view of your responsibility.

STYLES: Oh, shut up, will you. (THEN MORE REASONABLY) It's the only way to stay sane. You've only been here three days. You know nothing.

MERCER: I've been here long enough to learn that the morale on this station is appalling.

STYLES: If the captain doesn't care why should I?

MERCER: Why ever not?

(STYLES TURNS ON HER STOOL TO FACE MERCER)

STYLES: Look ... my tour of duty finishes here in eight weeks time. I'm dependent on a good report from the captain for my next promotion.

MERCER: I see.

STYLES: I don't think you do. If I don't get my promotion, I could stay here another two years.

MERCER: If Control were aware of the morale on this station, the captain would be instantly relieved of his command.

STYLES: It's been tried. Usually by inexperienced new boys like you. And the way you're carrying on, you'll finish up like the others.

MERCER: Meaning?

STYLES: Dead. You're the third security officer we've had in four years.

16. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR SCRAMBLES FROM BENEATH THE CONSOLE.

TURLOUGH EXAMINES A DIAL.

TEGAN IS PUTTING TOOLS BACK INTO THE TOOLBOX)

TURLOUGH: Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES TO HIM)

Look at our course. We're travelling parallel to the Time Corridor.

TEGAN: Where are we going?

(TURLOUGH EXAMINES A DIAL)

TURLOUGH: Twentieth century Earth, it seems.

17. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE.

(UNLIKE THE DALEK BRIDGE, THIS IS MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE AND SPACIOUS.

MERCER IS SEATED IN THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

SEATED NEXT TO HIM IS OSBORN, THE COMMUNICATION'S OFFICER.

SHE IS AN ATTRACTIVE MATTER-OF-FACT WOMAN IN HER EARLY THIRTIES.

PLUGGED INTO HER EAR IS A LISTENING DEVICE THROUGH WHICH SHE IS IN RADIO CONTACT WITH THE WHOLE STATION.

TWO CREW MEMBERS ARE SEATED AT CONSOLES BEHIND MERCER.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS ONE OF BOREDOM)

OSBORN: How long is your tour of duty?

MERCER: Two years.

OSBORN: The captain usually allows new arrivals to settle in before subjecting them to the tedium of officer of the watch. (SMILES) What did you do?

MERCER: I complained.

OSBORN: (BROADER SMILE) Someone should have warned you.

MERCER: But I had every right. Have you seen the state of the defence system.

OSBORN: (WITH MOCK CONCERN) You fear an attack?

MERCER: That's not the point.

OSBORN: I wouldn't worry. The only ship we ever see is our supply vessel.

FIRST CREWMEMBER: You may have spoken too soon. Sensors have picked up a ship in warp drive. And it's just entered the Exclusion Zone.

MERCER: Inform the captain.

OSBORN: I wouldn't bother him. Not yet. It could be anything. Let the fighters check it out, first ... They'll be grateful for the practice.

TELECINE 2:

a) Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

On a walkway connecting two warehouses, we see STIEN.

He is crouching down, a cold and miserable figure.

suddenly a plain fifteen cwt van screeches to halt outside the Time Corridor warehouse.

From STIEN'S POV we see COLONEL ARCHER, PROFESSOR LAIRD, SERGEANT CALDER, and TWO SOLDIERS quickly jump from the back of the van.

(All the SOLDIERS are dressed in combat uniforms, ARCHER and CALDER, wearing side arms; the TWO SOLDIERS carry current military rifles.

PROFESSOR LAIRD is wearing dungarees and a duffle coat)

While the OTHERS run into the warehouse, SERGEANT CALDER closes the van doors and then bangs on them indicating the van should pull away.

This it does, as quickly as possible, tyres screeching on the cobbles.

CALDER then runs into the warehouse.

b) Int. Warehouse Day.

ARCHER has unlocked and opened the heavy metal door near the foot of the Store Staircase.

The OTHERS disappear into the darkness beyond.

CALDER and ARCHER follow, slamming and locking the door behind them.

(Note: Not all warehouses in Wapping High Street are built to the same design.

For this story to work, it is vital that the entrance to warehouse described above be used.

I have a particular warehouse in mind where permission for filming is possible)

c) Ext. Wapping High Street. Walkway. Day.

C.U. STEIN. He is puzzled by the activity he has witnessed.

d) Ext. Wapping Pierhead (By Custom Houses) Day.

In the distance, we see the Tower of London in all its Victorian splendour. Suddenly the Tardis materialises.

18. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE.

(AS BEFORE, ALTHOUGH MERCER HAS BECOME MORE TENSE)

OSBORN: Fighter-leader has made visual contact. It's a battle cruiser.

MERCER: Go to red-alert. Inform the captain.

FIRST CREWMAN: (URGENTLY) Sensors report we're being scanned, sir.

MERCER: Red-alert at once!

(OSBORN PRESSES A SWITCH AND LOUD KLAXON STARTS TO SCREAM)

19. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE GATHERED AROUND THE CONSOLE.

THE DOCTOR IS EXAMINING SOME DIALS AND OPERATING THE OCCASIONAL SWITCH)

TEGAN: Have you calculated where we are?

THE DOCTOR: The intruments are still affected by turbulence. but I think it's 1984 London ... Found it!

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE DOOR OPENING MECHANISM)

TURLOUGH: Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR: The Time Corridor. I want to find out what this is all about.

(HE EXITS)

20. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE.

(THE BRIDGE IS FULL OF ACTIVITY AS THE CREW PREPARE FOR BATTLE)

MERCER: Operate the deflector shield.

(FIRST CREWMAN OPERATES A SWITCH)

FIRST CREWMAN: Power building.

MERCER: Seal airlocks.

(FIRST CREWMAN OPERATES ANOTHER SWITCH)

OSBORN: The battle cruiser has attacked the fighters.

MERCER: Can we give them any supporting fire?

OSBORN: (SHAKES HEAD) Not at the moment.

(A LIGHT ON FIRST CREWMAN CONSOLE WINKS)

FIRST CREWMAN: All but air-lock three sealed.

MERCER: Alert maintenace.

(SUDDENLY THERE
IS A LOUD
EXPLOSION CAUSING
THE SPACE STATION
TO LURCH ALL
BUT THE EMERGENCY
LIGHT TO GO
OUT)

FIRST CREWMAN: We've been hit!

MERCER: What's happening?

OSBORN: Engineering report extensive damage to our generating plant.

FIRST CREWMAN: Cruiser is closing in, sir.

OSBORN: We've lost radio contact with the fighters.

MERCER: Open fire.

FIRST CREWMAN: We can't. We don't have enough power for the laser cannons. We're defenceless!

21. SPACE. (MODEL SHOT).

(THE ENORMOUS DALEK
SHIP HOVERS CLOSE
TO THE BATTERED SPACE
STATION.

A BEAM OF RED
LIGHT SHOOTS
OUT FROM ITS NOSE
AS IT CONTINUES
TO BOMBARD THE SPACE
STATION)

22. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(THE BRIDGE CONTINUES TO LURCH AS THE DALEK SHIP CONTINUES TO POUND THE STATION.

IN THE DISTANCE EXPLOSIONS CAN BE HEARD)

FIRST CREWMAN: We should surrender.

MERCER: (SHARPLY) No!

OSBORN: We can't fight. We don't even have a deflector shield.

(THE BRIDGE DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND STYLES ENTERS)

STYLES: (ANGRILY) How much longer is this slaughter to continue?

MERCER: Where's the Captain?

STYLES: Dead. Along with half the crew.

OSBORN: Battle cruiser preparing to dock.

MERCER: Which airlock?

(OSBORN LOOKS
TROUBLED)

OSBORN: Three. Maintenance team are still working on it.

MERCER: I want every available man down there. Block the corridor with anything they can find.

(OSBORN STARTS TO
TALK INTO THE
RADIO)

STYLES: (SHARPLY) More killing?

MERCER: (VERY ANGRY) Your bile would be better directed against the enemy, doctor.

23. SPACE. (MODEL SHOT).

(THE DALEK SHIP,
NOW VERY CLOSE
TO THE SPACE
STATION, IS
MANOEUVERING TO DOCK)

24. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(ON THE SCANNER-
SCREEN WE SEE THE
DALEK SHIP MASSIVE
AND OVERWHELMING)

STYLES: How long before they dock?

MERCER: Three minutes. (TO OSBORN) I'd better go down to the airlock.

(MERCER REMOVES FROM
HIS POCKET A SMALL
PLASTIC CARD AND
HANDS IT TO OSBORN)

(QUIETLY) Should we be boarded ... destroy the prisoner.

(OSBORN LOOKS AT
THE CARD AND THEN
AT MERCER.

STYLES AND MERCER
CROSS TO THE DOOR)

Good luck.

(THEY EXIT)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

THE DOCTOR stands before the warehouse door the soldiers entered.

TEGAN and TURLOUGH stand to one side.

Cautiously, THE DOCTOR pushes open the door.

A hand shoots out and grabs THE DOCTOR'S ARM.

After the initial fright, we SEE it is STIEN.

STIEN: Don't come in here ... Soldiers.

THE DOCTOR: What?

STIEN grips THE DOCTOR by his jacket lapels, then slowly slides to the floor. He has fainted.

THE DOCTOR bends down and feels Stien's pulse.

THE DOCTOR: He'll be all right.

TEGAN: Look at the way he's dressed.

THE DOCTOR fingers
Stien's tunic.

THE DOCTOR: Must have come down the Time Corridor.

STIEN moans, then
opens his eyes.

STIEN: You've got to help me.

THE DOCTOR: (GENTLY) What happened?

25. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR BY AIRLOCK. DARK.

(THE MAINTENANCE TEAM WORK FRANTICALLY ON THE CONTROL MECHANISM WHICH OPERATES THE PROTECTIVE SHIELD FOR THE AIRLOCK.

WE SEE THAT THE SHIELD HAS ONLY LOWERED A COUPLE OF FEET.

PULL BACK TO SHOW OTHER CREW MEMBERS BUILDING A BARRIER OUT OF BOXES ETC.

THE FEELING SHOULD BE OF FRANTIC CONFUSION RATHER THAN ORDERED PREPARATION.

MERCER AND STYLES ARRIVE DRESSED IN FULL BATTLE KIT)

MERCER: Check how much longer the maintenance crew will be.

STYLES: Right.

(BUT BEFORE SHE CAN MOVE, THE STATION ECHOES WITH A LOUD METALIC BOOM.

THE DALEK SHIP HAS DOCKED)

MERCER: The cruiser's docked. Take cover!

(CREW MEMBERS START
TO SCRAMBLE TOWARDS
THE BARRACADE)

(Note: Only two of
the crew members
are dressed in full
kit. The others
are casually or
informally dressed)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

STIEN is propped up in a doorway, groggy, but coherent.

THE DOCTOR and TEGAN are next to him.

TURLOUGH is watching the street.

STIEN: Let me rest ... I'm hungry. I haven't eaten since yesterday.

THE DOCTOR: Who's controlling the Time Corridor?

STIEN: I don't know. ... Do you have a cigarette?

THE DOCTOR shakes his head.

TEGAN: Where are you from?

STIEN: Earth ... But not all the prisoners come from the same period ... Are you sure you haven't got something to smoke?

THE DOCTOR: Relax.

THE DOCTOR stands up.

THE DOCTOR: (TO TURLOUGH) We're going in to the warehouse.

STIEN, helped by TEGAN, clambers to his feet as THE DOCTOR, followed by TURLOUGH, cross to the warehouse door.

STIEN: No! I told you: there are soldiers.

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps they can tell us what's going on.

(THE DOCTOR PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR AND ENTERS:)

Int. Warehouse. Day.

THE DOCTOR enters the warehouse, crosses to the metal door and tries it - it's locked.

STIEN enters with TEGAN.

STIEN: The Time Corridor's on the next floor.

THE DOCTOR crosses to the staircase.

STIEN: Be careful.

Slowly THE DOCTOR starts to climb.

The OTHERS cross and follow him.

26. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(THE CREW MEMBERS
WATCH THE SCANNER
SCREEN.

ON IT WE SEE THE
CORRIDOR AND MERCER
AND HIS MEN WAITING
IN THE AIRLOCK CORRIDOR.

OSBORN, NOT WANTING
TO CAUSE ANY UNDUE
PANIC, SURREPTITIOUSLY
INSERTS THE PLASTIC
CARD INTO A SLIT
IN A SMALL BOX SET INTO
THE CONSOLE.

SHE THEN PRESSES
A COUPLE OF BUTTONS
AND A SMALL PANEL
SLIDES OPEN AND
REVEALS A SWITCH.

OSBORN RELEASES THE
SAFETY CATCH ON THE
SWITCH AND THEN
FURTIVELY GLANCES
AROUND THE ROOM.

THE CREW MEMBERS
ARE STILL WATCHING
THE SCREEN)

27. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR BY AIRLOCK. DARK.

(AS SEEN ON THE SCREEN IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

A CREWMEMBER, CLUTCHING A SMALL BOX WITH SWITCHES JOINS MERCER.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS VERY TENSE)

MERCER: (QUIETLY) Wait until I give the order.

(THE WORDS ARE NO SOONER FROM HIS MOUTH THAN THE AIRLOCK EXPLODES.

IN THE RESULTING GAP WE SEE A PHALANX OF DALEKS IN ALL THEIR MENACING GLORY)

Fire! (cont ...)

(THE CREW MEMBERS OPEN FIRE AS THE DALEKS START TO ADVANCE.

THE DALEKS RETURN FIRE AND TWO CREW MEMBERS ARE DESTROYED.

BEHIND THE DALEKS WE SEE LYTTON'S TROOPERS.

FOR A MOMENT OR TWO THERE IS A HEAVY BARRAGE OF GUN FIRE FROM BOTH SIDES.

DALEKS ADVANCING
ALL THE TIME,
CLOSING IN ON
THE BARRACADE)

MERCER: (cont) Now!

(THE CREW MEMBER
WITH THE DETONATION
BOX OPERATES ITS
SWITCHES.

THERE IS AN
ENORMOUS EXPLOSION
AND THE LEADING
DALEKS ARE DESTROYED.

A RAGGED CHEER GOES
UP FROM THE CREW AS
THE REMAINING DALEKS
AND TROOPERS WITHDRAW.

THE TROOPERS ARE
WEARING PRESSURE SUITS
AND HELMETS, THE VISORS
OF WHICH ARE MADE
FROM CLOUDED PLASTIC,
OBSCURING THE FACE OF
THE WEARER.

THE IMAGE OF THE
TROOPERS IS VERY MUCH
TO SCARE)

28. INT. SPACE SHIP. BRIDGE. RED.

(LYTTON AND FIRST TROOPER STAND BEFORE THE SCANNER SCREEN.

THE SUPREME DALEK, FLANKED BY TWO OTHER DALEKS STAND BEHIND THEM)

LYTTON: Fools! (TURNS TO SUPREME DALEK) I told you this would happen! They mined the corridor.

SUPREME DALEK: I do not want excuses. The attack must continue.

LYTTON: Only this time as I planned.

FIRST DALEK: You will show more respect for the Supreme Dalek.

LYTTON: (EMPHATICALLY) Your battle tactics won't work. Their position is too strong.

SUPREME DALEK: Proceed. We shall try your plan ... But should you fail ... you will be exterminated.

(NOTE Whereas Daleks are normally grey in colour, the supreme Dalek is completely black. There is no other difference.)

29. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. VERY DARK.

(THE DOCTOR, TEGAN, STIEN AND TURLOUGH STAND LOOKING AROUND THE AREA.

THE FEELING IS VERY EERIE)

TURLOUGH: Dark, isn't it.

(THE QUARTET MOVE FORWARD.

THE TWO TEA CHESTS COME INTO VIEW)

THE DOCTOR: Look around.

STIEN: I can't see Galloway's body.

(THE PARTY SPLIT UP, TURLOUGH SEARCHING NEAR THE TEA CHESTS)

TEGAN: (OOV) Doctor. Over here. (cont ...)

(TURLOUGH TURNS AND STARTS TO CROSS TOWARDS TEGAN PASSING BETWEEN THE TEA CHESTS.

AS HE DOES, HE FADES. HE HAS UNWITTINGLY ENTERED THE TIME CORRIDOR.

WITH TEGAN, THE
DOCTOR AND STIEN)

TEGAN: (cont) (EXTENDING HER HAND) Look.

(SHE HOLDS UP
SPENT SHELLS
FROM A MACHINE
PISTOL.

THE DOCTOR TAKES
THE SHELLS
AND
SMELLS THEM)

THE DOCTOR: Recently fired.

TEGAN: But hardly alien.

THE DOCTOR: Why should they advertise who they are.

TEGAN: Where's Turlough?

(THE DOCTOR TURNS
TO WHERE TURLOUGH
WAS)

THE DOCTOR: Turlough.

TEGAN: Where's he gone?

THE DOCTOR: Turlough!

30. INT. WAREHOUSE. ARTIFACT LEVEL. DARK.

(THIS LEVEL IS
IMMEDIATELY BELOW
THE TIME CORRIDOR
FLOOR AND IS A
SPACE EXACTLY OF THE
SAME AREA AND DIMENSION.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE
IS THAT THERE ISN'T
ANY RUBBISH AND
THAT ONE END OF THE
ROOM HAS A LARGE
TARPAULIN SPREAD ACROSS
ITS WIDTH.

(WE LATER LEARN THAT
THIS COVERS THE EXCAVATION
OF THE ALIEN ARTIFACTS).

A COUPLE OF FLOOD LIGHTS
ATTEMPT, UNSUCCESSFULLY
TO ILLUMINATE THE
AREA.

FROM BEHIND THE
TARPAULIN A MUCH
BRIGHTER LIGHT SPILLS
OUT.

THE SOUND OF THE
DOCTOR AND TEGAN
CALLING FOR TURLOUGH
DRIFTS DOWN THE
STAIRS.

COLONEL ARCHER
APPEARS FROM BEHIND
THE TARPAULIN.

HE IS A STOCKY,
WELL-BUILT MAN
IN HIS EARLY FORTIES)

ARCHER: Did you hear that?

(ARCHER LISTENS.
BUT IT IS NOW SILENT.

SERGEANT CALDER
EMERGES FROM BEHIND
THE TARPAULIN.

SERGEANT CALDER IS
IN HIS EARLY
THIRTIES, A TOUGH,
DEPENDABLE SORT OF
MAN)

CALDER: No, sir.

(CALDER AND ARCHER
BOTH LISTEN FOR
A MOMENT)

ARCHER: I thought I heard voices.

CALDER: It must have been outside.

(A LOUD BANG
IS HEARD AS THOUGH
A BOX HAS BEEN
KNOCKED OVER.

THE TWO MEN
EXCHANGE GLANCES)

31. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR BY AIRLOCK. DARK.

(MERCER AND THE CREW MEMBERS WAIT AS BEFORE.

THE DESTROYED DALEKS ARE STILL IN PLACE.

ALL IS QUIET, EVERYONE WAITING TO SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT.

THERE IS A TENSE ATMOSPHERE)

STYLES: How long before they try again?

MERCER: Soon.

STYLES: Can't we board. Take the fight to them.

MERCER: I think not. (cont...)

(TWO OF LYTTON'S TROOPERS START TO FIRE LASER RIFLES FROM THEIR SIDE OF THE AIRLOCK.

THE CREW MEMBERS RETURN FIRE. AS THEY DO, TWO MORE TROOPERS ADVANCE CARRYING CYLINDERS.

THEY QUICKLY COVER THE DISTANCE TO THE DESTROYED DALEK, OPERATE A VALVE ON THE CYLINDER AND SLIDE THEM ALONG THE FLOOR TOWARDS THE CREW.

AS THE CYLINDERS TRAVEL, WE SEE THIN WISPS OF SMOKE BEGINNING TO EMERGE)

MERCER: (cont) Masks on!

(BUT APART FROM STYLES, MERCER AND TWO CREW MEMBERS, THE OTHERS ARE WITHOUT.

THE GAS IN THE CYLINDER IMMEDIATELY STARTS TO TAKE EFFECT.

CREW MEMBERS START TO COUGH AND SPLUTTER, THEN COLLAPSE.

OTHERS BREAK COVER IN THEIR PANIC.

AS THEY DO, TWO DALEKS APPEAR IN THE AIRLOCK AND THE FINAL CARNAGE BEGINS.

CHOKING, DYING, COUGHING CREW MEMBERS ARE BRUTALLY SHOT DOWN)

Withdraw!

(BUT IT'S TOO LATE
FOR THE MAJORITY
OF THE CREW.

RELUCTANTLY THE
SURVIVING QUARTET
RETREAT INTO THE
DEPTH OF THE
STATION.

AS THEY DO,
TROOPERS AND
DALEKS POUR
INTO THE SPACE
STATION.

PULL BACK TO
SHOW ONE OF
THE DEAD CREW
MEMBERS. THE
GAS HAS CAUSED
HIM TO DECAY
RAPIDLY. HE IS
NOW A HORRIBLE
MESS)

32. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(THE BRIDGE IS IN TURMOIL.

CREW MEMBERS FUMBLE FOR MASKS, HELMETS, WEAPONS ETC.

A BLEEP FROM THE CONSOLE.

OSBORN OPERATES A SWITCH)

MERCER: (OVER RADIO) We're finished. It's every man for himself.

(THIS ONLY ADDS TO THE PANIC)

(O.O.V.) Destroy the prisoner.

(MERCER OPERATES THE DESTRUCT SWITCH.

SUDDENLY AN ALARM SOUNDS AND A LIGHT ABOVE THE SWITCH BEGINS TO FLASH)

OSBORN: (MUTTERS) Oh, no! Malfunction. (TO FIRST CREW MEMBER) Come with me.

(OSBORN SNATCHES UP THE PLASTIC CARD.

ON THE RUN, SHE EXITS FOLLOWED BY FIRST CREW MEMBER)

33. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(ARCHER AND CALDER SILENTLY ENTER THE AREA.

THEY HAVE DRAWN THEIR SIDE ARMS.

FROM ARCHER AND CALDER'S P.O.V. WE SEE THE ROOM.

THE DOCTOR AND STIEN ARE IN VIEW SEARCHING AMONG THE RUBBISH.

ARCHER AND CALDER PAUSE)

ARCHER: May I help you, gentlemen?

(CALDER REMAINS BY THE STAIRS AS ARCHER MOVES TOWARDS THE DOCTOR)

This is private property.

(TEGAN, WHO WAS SEARCHING IN A HEAVILY SHADOWED CORNER, SLIPS BEHIND A BOX)

THE DOCTOR: Er, yes. I'm sorry about this, but a friend of mine wandered in here by mistake. We're looking for him.

(STIEN NODS, TOO EAGERLY, IN AGREEMENT.

ARCHER QUICKLY GLANCES AROUND THE ROOM)

ARCHER: I don't see him.

(PROFESSOR LAIRD APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

SHE IS A WOMAN IN HER MID-FORTIES, A KEEN, INTELLIGENT ACADEMIC, BRIGHT EYED AND INQUISITIVE)

LAIRD: What's going on?

ARCHER: Precisely what I'm trying to find out.

34. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRISON ROOM. DARK.

(OSBORN AND FIRST CREW MEMBER RUSH INTO VIEW STOPPING AT A REINFORCED DOOR.

OSBORN INSERTS THE PLASTIC CARD INTO A CONTROL BOX NEXT TO THE DOOR AND TAPS OUT A SIX FIGURE CODE ON A SMALL KEYBOARD BUILT INTO THE BOX.

THERE IS A SMALL PAUSE AS THE COMPUTER PROCESSES THE INFORMATION IT HAS JUST BEEN GIVEN)

OSBORN: (MUTTERS) Come on! Come on!

35. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(CONFUSED CREW MEMBERS MILL ABOUT, UNCERTAIN WHAT TO DO NEXT.

SUDDENLY THE BRIDGE DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND DALEKS POUR IN FIRING THEIR GUNS.

A MOMENT LATER, THE CREW MEMBERS ARE DEAD)

36. INT. SPACE SHIP. BRIDGE. RED.

(LYTTON, FIRST TROOPER, SUPREME DALEK, FIRST DALEK, AND ANOTHER DALEK AS BEFORE.

ON THE SCANNER SCREEN WE SEE A VIEW OF THE SPACE STATION'S BRIDGE)

FIRST TROOPER: The bridge has been secured, sir.

LYTTON: Good. We must join them.

(FIRST DALEK TURNS FROM A CONSOLE)

FIRST DALEK: The Doctor has been detained in the ware-house.

SUPREME DALEK: Despatch Daleks. He must be brought to our ship at once.

FIRST DALEK: I obey.

37. INT. SPACE STATION. PRISON AREA. DARK.

(THE PRISON AREA IS A BLEAK, MISERABLE PLACE.

APART FROM A SMALL AMOUNT OF MACHINERY, A SCANNER-SCREEN AND A SMALL CONSOLE, THE WALLS ARE BARE.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE AREA IS A LONG, GLASS CONTAINER, MOUNTED ON A PEDESTAL, IN WHICH THE PRISONER IS SEALED.

OSBORN AND THE FIRST CREW MEMBER, THEIR MASKS REMOVED, LEVER OPEN THE PLASTIC COVER OF THE CONSOLE)

OSBORN: (MUTTERS) Does nothing work properly.

(SUDDENLY SHE PAUSES)

What's that smell?

FIRST CREW MEMBER: It can't be him.

OSBORN AND THE
FIRST CREW MEMBER
TURN AND LOOK UP
AT THE FACE OF
DAVROS, FROZEN
IN HIS TOMB.

ALTHOUGH INACTIVE,
HE SEEMS TO SNEER
AT THEM, HIS BLIND
EYES WATCHING
THEIR EVERY MOVE)

38. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AND STIEN STAND TOGETHER, A SOLDIER EITHER SIDE OF THEM.

ARCHER AND CALDER BEFORE THEM.

LAIRD IS SEATED ON A BOX)

ARCHER: (GRAVELY) Time Corridors...Alien beings.

STIEN: You may not believe us, but all we need is a minute or two more. The entrance to the Time Corridor is on this level. (LOOKS AROUND) - Somewhere.

(ARCHER'S GRAVE RESPONSE HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED BY THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: You don't disbelieve what we've said.

ARCHER: (POORLY ATTEMPTS TO COVER UP) Of course I disbelieve you. I've never heard such arrant nonsense.

THE DOCTOR: What have you discovered?

ARCHER: (BLUSTERS) Nothing. (TO SOLDIERS) Take them away.

(THE SOLDIERS GRAB THE DOCTOR AND STIEN)

LAIRD: Tell them, Colonel. They've guessed most of it already.

ARCHER: Are you from the press?

THE DOCTOR: (TO LAIRD) What have you found?

CALDER: (TO DOCTOR) Quiet.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me. (WILDLY) Alien objects?

(ARCHER AND CALDER EXCHANGE AN AWKWARD GLANCE)

ARCHER: (TO CALDER) You'd better inform H.Q. about what's happened.

39. INT. SPACE STATION. PRISON AREA. DARK.

(A HAND OPERATES A SWITCH ON THE CONSOLE AND LIGHTS START TO FLICKER ON THE BASE OF DAVROS'S CASE.

A KLAXON ALSO STARTS TO SOUND.

PULL BACK TO SHOW OSBORN BY THE CONSOLE)

OSBORN: Explosive charges primed ... That smell's getting stronger.

FIRST CREWMAN: I ... I feel ill.

(OSBORN TURNS TO THE CREWMAN)

OSBORN: What's the matter ...

(FIRST CREWMAN HOLDS UP HIS HANDS AND WE SEE THEY HAVE STARTED TO DECAY)

Keep back.

(SHE DRAWS HER GUN)

FIRST CREWMAN: Help me.

(HE STARTS TO
MOVE TOWARDS
OSBORN)

OSBORN: Stay away.

(HE CONTINUES
TO ADVANCE)

FIRST CREWMAN: What's happening to me?

(OSBORN CLOSES
HER MASK.

FIRST CREWMAN
ON THE VERGE
OF PANIC)

Please help me!

40. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(SEVERAL OF LYTTON'S TROOPERS MOVE ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

NEARBY THERE IS A BURST OF LASER FIRE.

THEY IMMEDIATELY MOVE OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE)

41. INT. SPACE STATION. PRISON AREA. DARK.

(THE FIRST CREW-MEMBER IS ON THE FLOOR, DEAD.

OSBORN STANDS CLOSE TO HIM, GUN IN HAND)

OSBORN: (WHISPERS) I'm sorry.

(SHE TURNS BACK TO THE CONSOLE.

AS SHE STARTS TO MOVE, THE TROOPERS APPEAR AT THE DOOR.

OSBORN OPENS FIRE KILLING THE LEADER TROOPER.

THE FIRE IS RETURNED AND OSBORN IS SENT HURTLING ACROSS THE ROOM FROM THE BLAST.

THE DALEK TROOPERS ENTER, AND TWO OF THEM CHECK THAT OSBORN IS DEAD.

DAVROS, WHO ALMOST SEEMS TO BE SMILING, LOOKS DOWN ON THE SCENE)

42. INT. SPACE SHIP. RECEPTION AREA.

(TURLOUGH IS FIDDLING WITH THE CONTROLS AT THE SIDE OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE TIME CORRIDOR.

A NOISE OUTSIDE CAUSES HIM TO LEAVE HIS TASK AND HE RUNS TO A HIDING PLACE BEHIND THE COMPUTER BANK CONSOLE.

HE IS NO SOONER IN POSITION THEN A DALEK ENTERS AND CROSS TO THE TIME CORRIDOR ENTRANCE)

43. INT. SPACE STATION. PRISON AREA. DARK.

(FIRST TROOPER
SWITCHES OFF
THE DETONATOR.

THE LIGHTS ON
THE CONSOLE
AND AT THE
BASE OF DAVROS'
TOMB GO OUT)

FIRST TROOPER: Disarmed.

(LYTTON AND
SEVERAL TROOPERS
STAND BEFORE
DAVROS' GLASS
TOMB.

THEY STILL WEAR
THEIR MASKS)

LYTTON: The day is ours. (TO TROOPERS) Release Davros.

44. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(WE SEE TEGAN LURKING IN THE SHADOWS.

NEXT TO HER ARE TWO BOXES PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED.

CALDER EMERGES INTO THE ROOM FROM THE STAIRWAY)

CALDER: There's heavy static. I can't get through to H.Q.

THE DOCTOR: Side effects of the Time Corridor.

ARCHER: Be quiet.

(SUDDENLY THERE IS A LOUD BANG AS THE BOXES NEXT TO TEGAN FALL OVER.

THE SOLDIERS TURN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE)

Who's there?

(TEGAN STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS.

THE TWO SOLDIERS MOVE FORWARD)

THE DOCTOR: Don't harm her. She's a friend.

TEGAN: Sorry, Doctor.

(SHE SMILES WEAKLY, THEN HER FACE TURNS TO HORROR)

Look!

(THEY TURN IN THE DIRECTION SHE IS POINTING.

BETWEEN THE TWO TEA CHESTS A WHITE LIGHT GLOWS. IN THE CENTRE OF THE LIGHT A DALEK IS FORMING INTO A SOLID SHAPE)

ARCHER: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: A Dalek!

(THE DALEK IS NOW FULLY FORMED)

Take cover.

(THE DALEK MOVES FORWARD INTO THE WAREHOUSE, SCREAMING: 'EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!')

SUPOSE CAM

End Titles:

FADE OUT